

# Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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## Editorial

### Rich but Miserable

All the world is singing the praises of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and for good reason, since he is giving away so many millions to benevolent and educational objects. But the famous old iron king is quoted as saying that he would give all he possessed to be young again. "I am not really to be envied," says he. "How can my wealth help me? I am sixty years old, and I cannot digest my food. I would give you all my millions if you would give me youth and health. If I could make Faust's bargain I would. I would gladly sell anything to have half my life over again."

This is a marvelously sad speech. It seems that Mr. Carnegie, wise to make money, has not learned the wisdom of religion and true happiness. Report makes him an agnostic. Now what is there left to an agnostic when he grows old and infirm? Deprived of the consolations of religion, his soul can find no other refuge.

He would, forsooth, give all his millions to be young again, and to be able to digest his dinner. But the same road would bring him to the same destination again—to old age, and dyspepsia, and weariness of life. The same irreligion would bring him into the same despair, and then he would be wanting to make the bargain over again, to exchange his millions for his lost youth, and to find consolation in mere physical exuberance, the heritage of animals as well as men.

It is a sad commentary both upon the intelligence and the moral temper of a man to make a speech so rebellious against the order of Providence. For it is God's will that we journey into old age, that we witness the fading of our physical powers, the fading of the world, and that we learn thereby that all which is of any worth inheres in the soul, rising superior, as it may, to the infirmities of age, and finding anchorage in that hope of eternal life which faith transforms into glorious fruition. Such a man would not so much as think of making the blasphemous bargain of Faust, even for a thousand recurrences of mortal youth. But for immortal youth, the possible destiny of every man, he will sell, not his soul, but the world, its ambitions, its vanities, its pleasures and its despair.

### A Spent Life

A newspaper said recently of a very rich man who lay dying, that he had one comforting thought: He could say to himself, "I have lived; I have enjoyed life." And a further history of the rich man's career disclosed the fact that this living, this enjoying life, consisted in all the pleasures and self indulgences which a princely fortune could buy. The

man loved fine wines, fine clothes, fine horses, fine houses, sumptuous tables, expensive yachts, elegant society, beautiful women. Thus he had lived, and this was to comfort him on his death bed. Instead of being a comfort to him, it would be difficult, we imagine, to conceive of a more discomfiting reflection. He was about to leave all this elegance and finery behind him. There would be no more rich wines, sumptuous fare, purple and fine linen for him. If he had ever read a short biography similar to his own, perhaps his thoughts were shivering upon the brink of that hell, where he would soon lift up his eyes to a vision on the farther side of a great gulf, a vision of felicity in which he had no part. Perhaps he was turning over in his mind the words of Father Abraham: "Son, thou hast had thy good things." They are past. A man may choose the world, and enjoy it after its fashion, but what conceivable comfort can be found in the thought of losing it, is hard to understand. Even supposing that the dying man found comfort in such a thought, how long did the comfort last? It didn't take him a very long time to die; only a few hours. It did not take him a very long time to live. It doesn't take a very long time for any of us to live. Ask a venerable grey head how long his life seems to him, the life that stretches back to the time of his boyhood, and he will answer you: It was only yesterday. It is only a span, a shadow that hasteneth by. This is life, and folly chooses its pleasures in this fleeting breath, this quick transition from cradle to grave, and boasts at the end that it has lived. How vast the delusion. A man who thus lives has not lived at all. He has only died. Bankrupt in soul, he is flung into the infinite eternity, to meet, what fate? Only that which he has prepared for himself, only that and nothing more. Will he be able to ascend out of the degeneracy of his abortive earthly life? Who can tell? or if there is even an answer of hope, who can measure the painful years, perhaps ages, that would inevitably stretch between the depths and the difficult heights.

### A Young Person's Religion

There is an idea prevalent among people of the world that if a young person become a Christian his life will be robbed of its joys and privileges. Only Christian young people can testify what a rich abundant life the Christ-life is. It is a life of perfect freedom because it gives one freedom to do right. Doctor James Stalker has given us three fine summaries of what he is pleased to call "a young person's religion":

1. Not a creed, but an experience.
2. Not a restraint, but an inspiration.
3. Not insurance for the next, but a programme for the present, world.